Penn Ave. and Fifth St., Pittsburg.

TUMBAY, May 7, 189%

Dress Goods.

Despite the big selling the Spring stocks are almost at their best, and PRICES ARE LOWER THAN EVER.

Buyer is constantly in the market looking for big special lots for you at HALF REGULAR RATES AND LESS. To-day there are:

All-Wool Imported Granite Weaves, Mixtures, Walos, Molanges, fash-ionable fabrics for Spring, at

50c yard.

Bright All-Wool Clan Plaids, with a silky finish, also the new Beiges and Grays for Waists and Misses' Drasses; you'll probably say \$1, buttle price is

60c yard.

Suitings of all sorts, Tailor styles in Maxed and Checked Weaves, assortment thelayest yet on sale,

65c, 70c, 85c, \$1.

New Storm Serges that salt water and even soda won't budge the colors, variety, big, prices little.

Ladies' Muslin Underwear.

Of late there have been many betterments in the Muslin Underwear store. Qualities of materials and trimmings, shapes and styles, generousness of sizes, all have been pushed up to a higher plane of excellence.

But at the same time prices have been hammered still lower.

Stocks are larger, and all arranged for your easier choosing. Never have we rendered it so extravagant to make the Underwear at home as now, UNLESS ONE HAS TIME TO KILL Every item we quote stands for tifty in the same class equally as money saving:

Muslin Gowns at 50 cents, 65c and

Muslin Gowns at 30 cents, 652 and 75c qualities.

Muslin and Cambric Gowns, at 75 cents, the St qualities.

Muslin and Cambric Gowns at \$1, the St 25 and \$1 35 qualities.

Cambric and Muslin Skirts at 75

cents, the \$1 qualities. Muslin Drawers at 25 cents, 40c

Cambric Corset Covers at 50 cents,

Special To-day:

Dressing Sacks of fine Lawn, daintily made, very large sleeves, assorted colorings, \$1 each.

Jos. Horne & Co.,

PITTSBURG, PA.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE
OF THE SWEENEY FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP LOTS.
In pursuance of a decree in Frick & Lindsay
Company, &c., v. General Engineering Company et al., made by the Circuit Court of Ohio
County, on the 4th day of March 185, the undersigned special commissioners will proceed to
sell at public auction, at the north front door of
the Court House of Ohio county, in the city of
Wheeling, West Virginia. on
SATUERDAY, APRIL 77, 1805. SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1895.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1800, beginning at 10 o'clock a in, the following described real estate, situate in said city, county and state, that is to say: Lots one (1), two (2), three (3), four (1), five (1), nine (9), ten (9), cleven (11), twelve (12), and the north half of thirteen (13), in square numbered eleven (11), in har part of said city known as the Sixth word; being the property formerly occupied by A. J. Sweeney & Sou as their foundry and machine shop. Said lots will be offered as follows: 1, 2, 3, 9, 10, 11, will be direct described together and as one parcel; 4,5 if and north ½ of 11 will be offered together and as one parcel; and then said lots will be offered separately and in smaller portions, and will be sold in whichover way will produce the greatest price.

produce the greatest price.

Trans or FALE—Junchird of the purchase money and as much more thereoff as the purchaser shall elect to pay in cash, ou the day of sale, and the residue in two equal installments, payable respectively in one and two years from day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser to give his negotiable promissory notes for the deferred installments, with security thereon satisfactory to the special commissioners, and the title to be retained until the payment in full of the purchase money, both principal and interest.

GUY E.C. ALLEN,

A.F. CLARKE,

ALFRED CALDWELL,

Special Commissioners.

I hereby certify that bond and security have been given by the said commissioners as re-quired by law and said decree. FORN W. MITCHELL, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Ohio County.

The above sale it adjourned to Saturday, May II, 1895, at 10 o clock a. m.
GUY R. C. ALLEN,
A. J. CLANKE,
ALFRED CALDWELL,

ap/20-7-9-11

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a Deed of Trust made by Mary M. Jones and John T. Jones, her husband, to me as trustee, dated July 16, 1892, and recorded in the office of the Clerkot the County Court of Onion County, West Virginia, in freed of Trust Book No. 40, page 446. I will sell at the north from door of the Court Bowe of said country, on

No. 40. page 46. I will sell at the footh from door of the Court Home of said country, on SATURDAY, THE BITH DAY OF MAY, 1925. Commencing at 10 or clock a, in., the following elsecthed property, that is to say: Part of lot numbered seven, in Churchill said thou to the city of the said to the country of th

MACHINERY. REDMAN & CO.,

GENERAL MACHINISTS

And Manufacturers of Marine and Stationary Engines.

WHEELING, W. VA.

STORM DRIVEN.

By "The Duchess," Author of "Molly Bawn."

(Copyright, 1895.) CHAPTER IL

As she turns to leave the bridge two figures on the path below attract her They are the young girl with the invalid mother, and the tall, stalwart, honest-looking Englishman. At a point that commands a view of the lovely valley spreading below, they come to a standstill, and Mrs. Allingham, a little fascinated, lingers to watch them. Is this going to be a hapby marriage? The man looks very much in earnest, but the girl-

At this moment the girl turns and looks eagerly backward upon the path she has just traveled. All at once her face has brightened and just as suddenly the man at her side seems to suk into insignificance. She has no longer a thought for him. Clare, with a sense of pity for her lover, knows at once that her eyes, her thoughts, all belong to the owner of the footsteps that are now distinctly to be heard coming up the path.

owner of the footsteps that are now dis-tinctly to be heard coming up the path behind them.

Impelled by a sort of queer carlosity she leans forward to see what the man is like that this young creature can pre-fer to the handsome boy at her side. The bridge prevents her at first from seeing him, but now the footsteps are nearer—they are evidently harried nearer-they are evidently harriedand now-

and now—
By a supreme effort she controls the wild cry that rises to her lips. Oh, God! not here—not now. Oh, fool to have made so sure! Falling on her knees she crouches back against the railings behind her. In this position she is entirely hidden from those on the path below. For a moment a sickening faintness almost overpowers her.
Then she compels herself to listen. The voice—his voice—oh, the horror of it!—comes up clear and strong.
"So I have found you again, you see.

it!—comes up clear and strong.

"So I have found you again, you see. I told you I should. You"—how bold, how certain, the voice is—"have not quite forgotten me?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Prendergast."
So. He has changed his name (a little notorions at present) lest it should frighten this pretty fly from his web. Mrs. Allingham's lips, even in her deep agitation, curl involuntarily. Then all at once she remembers something. She shrinks as if from Herself, and her face grows whiter. What about his and her name?

'I am bound to go on to Darmitz this evening to meet a friend there, and to-morrow claims me, too, but after that— you will be still here?"

The woman above listening can imag-ine the impassioned giance that accom-panies this question. She has been through it.

'Yes-yes," says the girl, in her soft,

low tone.

"Ah! In the meantime"—

"Good bye."

"No, no. An revoir!"

Then the little play is over. He has gone back to the carriage waiting for him on the lower road, from whence, no doubt, he had seen her, and the other two have turned the corner and gone on, in ominous silence. Clare gets slowly to her feet. That child and that man! What a devil he is! He has evidently kept her in ignorance of his marriage, and to let her love him, not knowing. knowing.
Again she seems to remember, and

Again she seems to remember, am stops suddenly, as if stabbed to the heart. Oh, God! What is she doing? Well, well, well! We must all sow, we must, all reap, and if that girl chooses to fling away her life, what is it to her?

Something, however, it must be, be-Something, however, it must be, because all the way back to the hotel, under the scented leaves, and with the growing night wind blowing upon her, the child's pure, lovely face is ever with her. So might her own once have looked, hefore they sold her to the highest bidder!

Her heart softens. Yes; she will speak to the girl to-night, will ware

speak to the girl to-night-will warn her. She will do one good deed before " " " But if the doing of it should betray her! No; no fear of that, He had said he would not be back until the day after to-morrow, and by that time she will be far away. Ob, that it were farther! fartherl

The evening has grown late, and all the lights of heaven are resplendent. Scarce a sound can be heard, save the calm rushing of the river down below and the sigh of the wind in the trees. Above, the

"Gilded sickle of the new made moon Leading the pale lamp of the evening star,"

is shining brilliantly.
On the terrace stands Mrs. Alling-ham, holding the girl's hand closely in

"Give up that man, Amy, He is un-

worthy. Why, why do you let him make love to you? Oh, how hard it is to explain—to you—who do not know the meaning of the word! But the real thing, real love, is all purity, be-

lieve me." says the girl, looking dis-trossed, puzzled.
"There is Mr. Borthwick," goes on Clare, eagerly. "He is in love with von!"

you!"
"Oh, Mrs. Allingham, I," with frightened, pretty eyes, and a rising color
like nothing on earth so much as a
blush rose, "I don't think any one is in
leve with me."
"Mr. Borthwick is," says Mrs. Allingham, in her queer, direct way. Then,
"Where did you meet this—Mr. Prendergast?"

dergast?

"In Berlin-a month ago."
"And he has followed you here?"

"And he has followed you here?"
"I-I don't know.,"
"I do. Amy," tightening her grasp
on the girl's arm. "Put him out of
your mind. Refuse to see him again.
If you encourage him you will regret it
only once, but that will be forever,
Give your heart to Mr. Borthwick. He is good, true, honorable. He is a man Amy. The other is"—— The girl leans forward breathlessly.

The girl leans forward breathlessly. "le?"
"A brate!" says Mrs. Allingham, relentlessly.
"Oh, no, no!" faintly.
"Oh, yoe, yes!" vohemently. "And you, you little white flower of a child, to dream of accenting the love of a thing like that! Why he would crush the life out of you, and then—leave you."

you."
"Oh, it is horrible! It isn't true,"
says the girl.
"It is true. Do you think I don't
know?"

know?"
"Know! How can you know?"
"Because," Mrs. Allingham's brows contract, "I know just such a man as be is."

he is."
There is such bitterness in her tone that the girl feels awed by it, to the extent of forgetting her own troubles for

the moment. "I-l'm afraid you have not been happy," she says, timidly. Mrs. Allingham breaks into laughter,

low, but mirthless. Then she restr

"Not very. But that's neither here nor there. The question now is your happiness. You will wonder why 1

care about it; but I was only a child like you, when—and—well, I would not have you live the life I lived. And yours will be worse, mind yon, if you listen to that man; for mine was, in the world's largon, honorable misery, whereas yours"— "!—I don't think you understand Mr, Prendergaat," says the girl, nervously. "Don't 1?" Then, almost flercely: "Are you mad, child? Can't you see the difference between these two men. One would raise you to his own fine level, the other would degrade you—oh!" with a touch of pain. "I can't you take what I say, and believe in it? I tell you I speak from a most melancholy past."

Her over are full of tages. How can

tell you I speak from a most melancholy past."

Her oyes are full of tears. How can she save this silly child, without being brutally direct?

"Oh, you have suffered?" cries the girl, in a low tone. The tender mounting moon has cast its rays upon the tears that are trembling to their fall in Mrs. Allingham's beautiful eyes. Amy, with a sudden movement, goes to her, as if to cast her arms around her, but Mrs. Allingham, with a swift gesture, puts her back. Who is she that she should let innocent arms encircle her?

"We mustall suffer," says she coldly. "It is to save you from unnecessary suffering that I now speak. You can heed me or not, as you like. But I felt it my duty to warn you."

"What I think," says the girl, a little thrown back upon herself by that sharp repulse, "is, that you misjudge Mr. Preudergast. To me he is kind—very kind, and," a little defiantly, "mamma thinks him charming."

"It," with a faint sneer, "shows great discrimination on your mother's parts."

"It is very kind to her, too. He quite studies her."

Mrs. Allingham makes a little im-

studies her. Mrs. Allingham makes a little im-

Mis. Annagana makes a little in-plusive gesture.
"It is a pity she does not study him,"
with a touch of indignation. "If your mother sometimes forgot herself and thought more of you, it would be better both for her soul and body. I tell you, Mr. Prendergast is no fit associate for

"Mamma does not think so," says the girl, with a little soft, oflended air. "She likes him, and—so do I!"

"Yes 7" Mrs. Allingham laughs derisively. The time has come for that demonsment she would have avoided. "His wife doesn't," says she.

There is a long silence. Then a little gasping sigh from the girl, breaking on the evening air, brings them both back to the present. Mrs. Allingham's heart is full of remorse. Yet what else could she do. She has tried everything—and and-"I told you he was a brute." says she

"I told you he was a brute," says she. She lays her hand on the girl's shoulder and shakes her gently. "There, now, you know! Give him his conge at once—and your heart, if you can, to Mr. Borthwick, He will treasure it."

As she speaks, a shadow falls across the moonlit terrace.

"There he is," whispers she, looking for you—waiting for you. Go to him."

The girl stirs unessity. Then, seeing herself discovered, moves straight to where the tall Englishman is standing, hesitating as to whether he shall go to hesitating as to whether he shall go to her or not. The last Mrs. Allingham sees of them is satisfactory. The girl's head is downcast, indeed, but she has let her hand be imprisoned by Borth-wick, who looks as if he would keep it against all odds, to the end of time.

CHAPTER III. Mrs. Allingham laughs to herself in a strange way. "Well, I have done some-thing," says she; and then the thought.
"I can save others, myself I cannot save," comes to her, and if she had had time she would have given way to tears. But out of the darkness now some one

is coming to her!

"I saw you," says Carlton, in a low tender voice. "I waited—it was hanged, min-but you looked so like an anged, min-istering, that I subdued myself. What was you.

istering, that I subdued myself. What were you easying to that little idiot?"

"I was giving her a word of advice. I saw her to-day with—well—names are better suppressed, aren't they?—but with a man that a little girl like her should not even know. I was telling her to have nothing to do with him."

"So bad as that?"

"For one thing, he is married, and"—"Yes; he has evidently pursued her here. You can see how pretty she is?"

"I es; no not evidently pursued here. You can see how pretty she is?"
"I can't. I can see you only."
"Well—from Berlin to here, he has followed her."
"He's no sense of decency, then?"
"He was been no decency, then?"

"He was born, no doubt, without that "And his wife?"

"And his wite?"
"Sho-left him some time ago."
"To-morrow. Clare!" breathes he.
She shudders in his embrace. "Why,
Clare! What is it? That girt has up-Clare! What is it? That girl has up-set you! You are thinking of your past marriage. But it is past, my darling, my beloved! Nothing of it remains. You have told me something of it, and I have guessed the rest, It!"—he pauses, bending over her—"it was a martyr-

bending over her—"it was a martyr-dom."

"It was hell!" says she in a hoarse, stilled whisper. It shocks him; but quite suddenly her mood changes. She litts herself and quickly, vehemently presses her lips to his. The caress is feverish, and yet, when he would have strained her to his heart, she puts him back from her, lightly, laughingly, with both hands, then sinking into a low chair, beckons him to her. Her overy movement if full of grace, is also full of fire and a strange unrest.

"Come, let us sit here and talk—not of the past; that, as you say, is dead; may its soul rest in peace—but of the future. All thatis ours. Ours! What good is the nest to any one? Who cares for it? It is past, and done with. And to-incrow"— She throws back her lovely head and laughs aloud. "Tomorrow you will take me away—away."

She pauses. A queer sob seems to choke her.

She pauses. A queer sob seems to choke her. "What is it, darling?" says Carlton anxiously. Her manner seemed forced,

"What is it, darling?" says Carlton anxionely. Her manner seemed forcod, unreal.

"Oh, nothing," impatiently, "But Constantinople is far away, isn't it?" *

"From this? Well, pretty fav. But, in a troubled tone: "There is something the matter with you to-night. I can see it in your eyes. Do you think you could ever deceive ma?"

Deceive him? A little cold wave seems to sweep over her. She sighs in a broken-hearted way, and two sad tears run down her cheeks.

"Oh, they will never do; you are overdone," says Carlton; "your converestion with that silly girl has been too much for you. I shan't allow any interview of that kind again. You are mine now, my love—mine." There is a ring of true triumph in his voice. It restores her. Once again her spirit dashes out. "Oh, yours!" says she, laughing tremulously, while still the tears are on her face. "One would think I was your slave."

"Well, why not?" with all a happy

"Who, indeed?" cries she, joyously.

The answer is very near to them. There is a slight stir in the room inside, and she turns. Her pretty hands are still clasped in his. Her head is in his heart. His eyes are fixed on hers—but her aver.

One might pray to be delivered from such a light as now stines in hers. There—there where the light from the open window gleams upon the terrace they are fixed—staring—wild. He had

they are fixed—staring—wild. He had not gone then!

A man has stumbled from the window on to the terrace, and is coming toward them. His steps is not altogether steady. He is sufficiently himself, however, to be able to take in the situation at a glance, and there is malevolence and a distinct enjoyment of

it on his face as he advances.

"My dear Clare, you?" says he. I hardly expected to meet you in this remote spot. A friend of yours?" He points deliberately at Carlton. "Pray introduce me. I am always, my dear sir, delighted to meet any of Lady Straneway's friends."

sir, delighted to meet any of Lady Strangway's friends."
Carlton arises.
"It is a lie!" says he vehemently, looking only at Clare. "Deny it." His voice is stern, commanding.
Sto too has risen.
"It is the truth," says she in a dying tone. "Leave me now." She looks full at him, and he can see that her eyes are brilliant with pain, her lips—her dear lips—white.
"Later on I will explain; but go now, go!"

The voice dies away.

The voice dies away.
It is midnight!
Upon the terrace Carlton paces up and down, with but one thought in his mind. To see her, to upbraid her, to leave her. For a moment he rests by the railings and even as he does so he finds her beside him. She lays her small white hands upon the railings, too, very close to his, and looks up at him with clear, open eyes. There is no shame in them—no change—nothing.
"Well?" says she slowly.
He returns her glance with a terrible anger in his.

inger in his.

"Is it your part to question?"

"Is it your part to question?"

"Let me have my one question," says she quickly. "You can have all the rest."

"And your one?"
She hesitates.

"After all it can wait," says she. "Ask me anything you like now, and I will answer you." Then, inconsequently, as becomes a woman: "Does it seem too bad to you? Can you find no excuse, knowing all you do? Knowing of him?"

Timidly she lays her hand on his, but

Timidly she lays her hand on his, but he flings it back. "What did you mean? What did you

he flings it back.

"What did you mean? What did you hope for?"

"I hoped for love. A thing I hadnever yet known. I hoped for a happiness I had never so much as dared to dream of before. I hoped"—she flings up her head—"for life with you!"

He is silent; he is thicking of that little hand he had flung from him.

"I hoped too," says she, quite evenly, with the evenness of despair, "that once out of the beaten track of the world, the fact of my having a husband alive would never be discovered—would, at all events, never reach you. I thought—I was sure—he would never find me!"

"Oh, foo!!" says he, passionately.

"I know—I know—I know." Suddenly as it came the wild burst of anguish dies saway, and the dull tranquility that had characterized her before comes back. "Yet one can hope against hope, and somehow I never doubted. Fool, indeed! You have well named me."

"Don't mind what I say to-night," says he in the tone of one physically hurt. Surely their last moments need not be full of bitterness alone.

She turns to him in a troubled sort of

"To-night?"

"To-night," sternly, we must part for-ever."
"Oh, no."
"To-morrow," doggedly, anguish rings through his voice, stern though he keeps it, "to-morrow I leave this place."
"Then so do I." Her manning is no "Then so do L" Her meaning is un-

"Clare!"
"Why? What is it? Do you think I shall stay here—anywhere—where you are not? I love you; you love me"

"Do you know what you are saying?" asks he, deeply agitated. Would you willingly, with open eyes, destroy your-

"I shall certainly destroy myself if I stay here—if you desert me," says she, outte calmiv. "I shall live for you or die." A little flash of her eyesturns on the restless, flowing river.

Involuntarily he puts out his arms as if to hold her, but she repulses him.

"Oh, not that way," says she; "that is always vulgar; and think," with a little lauch that makes his heart grow sick and faint; "how horrid one's clothes would look atterward. I shall do it artistically, you may be sure. Well," defiantly; "are you going to leave me?"

A deep groan breaks from him, and

A deep groan breaks from him A deep groan breaks from him, and at the sound of it all her hardness breaks up and in a second later ner arms are around his neck and her cheek, warm and soft as velvet, is pressed against his.

"Ab. I knew it," cries she in little

"Ab. I knew it," cries she in little gasps between her tears and her laughter. "You will take me with you. You cannot live without me."
"God forgive me; I cannot," says he. "Oh, my darling, my life, Clare"—
He would have said more, perhaps, but that at this moment a sudden disturbance in the gardons, beneath. turbance in the gardens beneatly breaks in upon them.

Cries, rough voices, rise upon the air.

Cries, rough voices, rise upon the air. One voice she knows.
"Stand back! go into the house!" says Cariton' hurriedly.
"No!" She presses forward.
Down in the moonlight that renders the night clear as the day two men are struggling. Clare at once recognizes Borthwick as one, her husband as the other. Borthwick has a stick in his hand, and is laying it heavily on Strangway's shoulders.
"Ah, me he has found it out; he has heard," says she. Carlton makes no reply. Great as his desire may be to see his desire upon his enemy, still the

ply. Great as his desire may be to see his desire upon his enemy, still the thought that Borthwick, in his youth and passion, may prove too much for the other man, creates in him a decer longing to go delonging to go down and see fair play at all events.

But even as he starts to go he sees

Strangway pull a revolver from his breast and fire point blank at his adver-Borthwick roels, then recovers him-self—a flesh wound only, apparently. "Treachers!" says Carlton between his teeth. "Brute!"

his teeth. "Brute!"
Even as the word passes his lips the "brute" totters, falls to the ground and lies there prone.
"Oh, my God!" cries Clare wildly. He catches her as she falls forward and carries her into the drawing room. "Conderly recognity, he lays her down Tenderly, reverently, he lays her down on the nearest sofa, and, ringing the bell furiously, summons assistance. Then he runs down to the garden, only to meet the men who are bringing in Lord Strangway's dead body. He who had had no heart had died of it.

THE INTELLIGENCER PRINTING

NEW GOODS. -GEO. R. TAYLOR.

Geo R. Taylor.



New Goods opened on SATURDAY and placed on sale, in their respective departments, this Monday, morning.

First, we call attention to the New Style Tailor Made Suits in English and Scotch Cheviots and Checks, all wool, made in the best manner and sold with a guarantee as to fit and correctness of style.

The same will apply to our New Linen Duck, and Piquet Cord Suits, on sale this morning. We can assure our customers that there will be nothing newer in style offered or produced this season. In regard to prices, we can say that we mark them the same as sold for at retail in New York, where they are made.

Parasols!__

All of our orders for Parasols have been filled, and at present our stock is as nearly complete as possible, embracing all the new lace trimmed and coaching for ladies and ruffled for children.

SUMMER DRESS FABRICS

Just Received!

Printed Organdies, French Zephyrs. Jackonette Plisse, Silk Gauzes, Grenadines, Silk Nets, Silk Crepons, Nuns' Veilings, &c.

MOURNING GOODS .- A Complete line of Priestley's celebrated Black Goods just received. LACE CURTAINS AND UPHOLSTERY .- This department

just replenished with the most choice importations. MARKET STREET ENTRANCE.—We beg to call attention to our Mar-ket street entrance and the convenience it affords persons wishing to visit the Art Rooms or our Parasol, Cape, Suit, Underwear or Lace Curtain and Upholstery Departments. This entrance is provided for the convenience of visitors, and all are welcome to the use of it.

PARLOR DRAPING.—We expect to be prepared to do all kinds of Artistic House Draping by May 1, and invite ladies interested to call and eee our designs.

Geo. R. Taylor.

WHEELING, MAY 23 Direct From Madison Square Garden, New York,

And Coming in all It's Metropolitan Magnificence, With Every Feature That Has Contributed to the Unprecedented New York Success, Including the Water Carnival, the Lake of Waters, and the

ASTOUNDING HIGH DIVE.
THE WORLD'S LARGEST, GRANDEST, BEST AMUSEMENT, INSTITUTION.



CAPITAL INVESTED \$3,500,000. DAILY EXPENSES \$7,300 Only Show Endorsed by EVERYTHING JUST AS ADVERTISED New Performances, New People, New Attractions
JOHANNA, ONLY GORILLA NOW IN CAPTIVITY

MOST HUMAN-LIKE ANIMAL KNOWN, attracting 20,000 people daily to Central Park N. Y., when loaned by these shows to that Zoological Garden. Grand New Ethnological Congress of Strange and Savage People Curious Human Beings with queer religions and ceremonies. Pagaus Idolaters, Heathen Mohammedaus, Cannibals, Vishnus, Buddhists, Confacians, Hindoos and Christians, whole families of savago people with their huts, weapons, implements, musical instruments, rites, ceremonies, dances and games.



GREAT EQUESTRIAN TOURNAMENT

12-OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CIRCUS CHAMPIONS-12 Unrivaled Equestrian Feats by a dozen male and female riders. THE MOST FAMOUS AERIALISTS IN THE WORLD. All the Great Athletes, Gymnasts and Acrobats, SENSATIONAL ANIMAL ENHIBITION. Lions, Tigers, Sheep, Dogs, Panthers, Elephants and Horses, performing at one time in harmony together in A COLOSSAL STEEL-BARRED ARENA.

3 Bircus Companies in 3 Hings, 2 Elavated Stages, Racing Track and Animal Arem SIGHTS NEVER SEEN BEFORE THIS SEASON and only to be witnessed it these shows, 24 Elephants, 2 Droves of Camels, Giant and Pigmy Animals, 2 Menageries of Trained and Wild Beasts, 20 Old-time, Medern and Pantomimic Clowns.

MIGHTY NEW FREE STREET PARADE with the sovereigns of the with the military uniforms and music of all nations, at 9 A. N. on day of show. LOWEST EXCURSION RATES ON ALL RAILROADS. Two Performances Daily at 2 and 8 P.M. Doors Open an Hour Earlier Admission to Everything, 50c. Children Under 9 Years, Half Price.

Reserved seats at regular price and admission tickets at usual advance at w. BAUMER'S MUSIC STORE, 1310 MARKET STREET. Will Exhibit at Steubenville, May 22. Zanesville, May 24.